

- >Work at gas station
- >little box version, like outside department stores ect.
- >The box I'm in is basically concrete, steel, re-bar, and 3 inches bullet proof glass.
- >Company spent a lot on this tank-like box
- >Pretty much after a certain hour in day, like 10-ish, would lock all vending area's coolers ect, and just sell gas till morning shift came in
- >At that point no reason to get out of box, all is prepay ect ect
- >Cue 12:ish am, little old beater of a car pulls up
- >Out gets old lady, Asian, with that 70+ short asian tiny-and-furious look
- >Comes to window, surprisingly polite
- >she starts looking at closed coolers, locked carts ect
- >like she's browsing things she can't see/get too
- >looks at me, ohthehorror
- >Can't describe it well, but her face... it was like she had all her skin replaced.
- > I mean the complexion, the meshing of it was all wrong
- >this bitch had MOLE spots on her hands, and her old lady dress showed me her wrinkly old legs as well
- >but her face... and worse, her smile
- >ever seen those people with the perfect/fake teeth, that seem to have no excuse but to give you a big LOOK AT ME smile?
- >that's this lady
  
- >so her face looks like someone cypasted it onto her
- >her smile says LOOK AT ME, I'M HARMLESS.
- >that smile.
- >walks up to window
- >Starts tapping on glass.
- >Ask her if she needs anything
- >Cue smile again
- >say's she needs to refuel
- >ask her if she knows what to do
- >replies with a dragged out "Ohhhhh yessss"
- >raised eyebrow, but ok
- >ask her for prepay amount, pay type ect
- >she looks at me "I forgot my purse, I'll be right back"

- > Watch her got to her car, bend down into it to get a purse or whatever
- > She bends down, partially out of view.
- > bends down further....gone. Can't see her
- > 5 minutes go by. no creepy face lady
- > timetookickitupanotchsaysfear.agghh
- > scrapping at door, soft rapping
- > Mind you this door is the ONLY way in/out of this box
- > tap.tap....taptaptap.
- > from the register, I stare with fear at peephole that's in the door
- > decide to not look at the murder-hole of death
- > all of my fear in full effect
- > then scrapping on the roof
- > tap...tap tap....taptaptaptap.
- > same as before
- > brain goes into overdrive
- > ...what if someone...something wants in, like in the movies?
- > what happens in scary movies?
- > big evil whatsit examines the walls for weakspots...
- > Brain is making it worse for me, decide to call office, in store,
- > they can see my station
- > let them clear my scared out-head

Jitters remembering this.

- > call office
- > how about this weather.jpg
- > Desk lady says "what weather?"
- > "You know, the wind, blowing stuff around outside"
- > :Anon...what weather? It's calm as can be outside"
- > "....what about, you know...."
- > "It's a beautiful night anon, relax, no storms lol"
- > hear slight shifting/walking around sounds
- > "...is everything ok out their anon?"
- > Why?" I stutter into the phone
- > "The western side lights are completely out"
- > ...I can't speak
- > "Along with your back pole light"

Pole light is the parking light that's in most parking lots... only ONE near me for about...ohh...40ish feet around me till customer parking starts.

- >At this moment I realize my folly
- >the phone in little box was in back of box
- >behind privacy nich, for counting cash
- >look around nich
- >where the light ohgodohgod.
- >only few lights on, so I can see in front of me at closed coolers
- >and guess who's there?
- >little creepy Asian lady
- >Her face, in that mismatched looking complexion
- >That smile
- >"Anon, I can't reach my purse, it fell."
- >It's been 10 minutes
- >"Anon," she goes on "can you come outside to get it for me?"
- >Uhh..." I mutter "can't, as you can see we're having electrical issues."
- >it's an excuse, but I'm in full /x/ panic
- >Oh please anon, she says, I'm so old and weak...
- >that smile
- >Sorry, can't leave, this is too big
- >excuse about emergency again
- >Wrongthingtosay.satan
- >smile vanishes.
- >Come outside, she says
- >slight rasp in her words now
- >"Can't," I stutter
- >this is where I crossover
- >this is where I believe like Scully and Mulder.
- >This little old lady.
- >This messed-up-faced little old lady, maybe 5'5 at BEST
- >she stare's at me... with all of her fury.
- >And she gets as close as she can to the window.
- >And she slams her fist on it
- >once
- >I mean ONCE
- >and grumbles something like "FUELFOD" hodepodged together

>Glass cracked.  
>not like a hair-crack  
>I mean CRACK  
>on one of my days off before, some methhead took a shot at it with a 38.  
>glass was replaced, but I saw it, was a good crack  
>this though  
>it was like this lady put a 12gauge slug 2 inches away and fired  
>I lose it  
>pick up phone, call office  
>say emergencyemergencyemergency!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!  
>cops show up  
>night manger comes running, I'm in the back, pale and waiting  
>hiding, really  
>pound on door  
>"It's manger anon, with P.D., open up."  
>hours later  
>lights are back to normal  
>cameras apparently didn't catch anything  
>said storm must have knocked them out or something  
>yeah... ok  
>then look at glass  
>go home anon, see you tomorrow  
>manager covers shift, go home with cross, bible, and 1911  
>next day.  
>the box looks terrible  
>scratches everywhere  
>door has paint stripped off in streaks  
>chunks are missing from the sides of the roof  
>....like something climbed it  
>manager says there's actually a hole in roof, that is an inch from the ceiling tiles  
>Squeak a "yay" sarcastically  
>manager asks what happened  
>Says that PD may want my statement if it's... suspicious  
>nope the away from him, say it must have been the weather  
>...manger looks after me, "Yeah, I think so too, anon."  
>switch to different department after that

Everyone asked me for years about that story, wanting to hear how I was "shot" at. The worst thing that I've heard that there was a an employee who covered that shift after me. She stayed until last year, and since I left the company, I was out of touch. I visited recently, how's it going ect. They say she went missing last year. That she opened her door on her shift...and walked out the back door. The computer system went out, the camera's too, and she's still missing...

The messed up thing is the guy working said the only lead they had was this messed up beater of a car that was seen driving away from the bank camera across the street.